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From the Saturday Evening Post.

## THE HORSE-SHOE LEAP.

I was once travelling in the main road which leads to what is called "Shaker Ferry," on the Kentucky river. As I wound my way down the tremendous cliffs through a road which had been rendered passable by the industry and perseverance of the little community, from whom the ferry had derived its name, I was struck with the splendid and magnificent scenery which presented itself, and involuntarily stopped to examine more minutely, the wonderful works of Him who "maketh the mountains to skip like lambs." The time and place were enough to kindled up sacred thoughts and feelings in a bosom less enthusiastic, or less religiously inclined than mine; for I could here contemplate the power of the Being, whose word is omnipotence itself. The sun was yet some distance from his evening horizon, but owing to the immense height of the cliffs which girded in the river that rolled below he appeared to be fast sinking to his night's repose: and his beams as they fell upon the tall peaks of the mountains, gave them a most lovely and splendid appearance. There shot a mountain, whose top appeared to reach the clouds, and another fast running up by its side, as if envious of its neighbor's height, and seemingly wishing to excite as much attention as its rival; here, at its base, some humbler one started up, yet each a mountain, content with being noticed, even if last—then, in the distance, the rough and cedar-covered top of another, and another, and another, towered and glittered, in the sun, standing like the pillars of "Heaven's own arch," and reflecting the rich and brilliant coloring of the King of day; the first to receive his

morning smiles, and the last to be tinged with his departing glories. After admiring for a while the magnificence of the view, I was compelled to make the most of the light, and dismounting, led my tired horse down the declivity towards the ferry; I stopped a few moments on the bank, to wait for the boat which I saw pushing off from the opposite shore. Here another scene attracted my attention, a tall cliff, whose head I had but seen before now presented itself full to my view; its base formed part of the boundary of the river, and rose perpendicularly to an amazing height; near its summit a little stream of water gushing out from a rock, as if from a spout, fell with a splashing noise, three hundred feet into the river below; the sight had too much of the picturesque and while intently gazing at it, forgetful of every thing else, I heard a voice asking in a peculiarly mild tone, "Do you wish to cross the river?" I was startled, and looking up, saw before me a man dressed in the usual style of the "Shakers," to which sect he belonged; he was the ferryman, and his broad brimmed hat shaded a face of singular meaning and intelligence. While I seemed to him deliberating for an answer, and which was already on my tongue, he continued "but probably you wish to observe more attentively a specimen of our Kentucky river scenery, before you cross; if so, and as I am a little fatigued with pulling over, I will just sit down on this oar and rest myself, until you are satisfied?" I answered him, that I was in no haste to continue my journey, and if I were, that the prospect before me was enough to make me forget every thing else, the equal of which I had never before seen. "Yea!" answered he "tis not every where

you will see such hills and cliffs, and mountains and cedars—many's the traveller I've carried over this water, and all express the same opinion; and that very cliff, which you are gazing at so intently, could it speak, might unfold many a deed of heroism and bravery, which has long since been forgotten, amidst the general change."

"Indeed! and done by whom?" I inquired with some earnestness of manner. "By the first settlers of this 'bloody hunting ground,' as it was called by the red men in their strong language! I was a boy then; but there was one circumstance which took place on that very mountain and of which I was an eye witness, which I shall never forget until I am called to give an account of the deeds done in the body! But I had almost forgotten," continued he, at the same time rising from his seat you wished to cross the river, and as it is growing late, and my old arms have somewhat recruited their strength, if you come in I will pull you over!" The bare mention of the circumstance, connected with the awful and grand looking place before me, was sufficient to absorb every other feeling for the moment, and telling him that I should stay the night at his little village, a mile or two beyond, —asked him if he could narrate the tale to me! "Yea! that I can," said he, "but first sit down here, if you like, and take part of my oar, it is strong enough to bear us both?" I did as I was desired, and the old ferryman; after clearing his throat with one or two hems, gave me the following narrative, as near as I can recollect:—

"It was late in the spring of—, that Daniel Boon, in company with about a dozen men among whom were also two

or three females and myself, a youth at that time, after travelling the most of the day, in the direction of Bryant's station, encamped an hour or two before night fall, about two miles from Harrodsburgh." We—

"What! the Harrodsburgh famous at present as a watering place?"

"Yea the same; the party had built their fires, and made every preparation for defence, and against surprise from the Indians, whom they regarded as their mortal foe, their plans were arranged and they were anxiously expecting the arrival of two hunters, who had left them an hour or two before, to kill their provision for the night. There stood old Daniel, too looking the very picture of hardihood and bravery, leaning with his broad athletic back against a tree; I think I can see him now, his buck-skin breeches, greasy and worn with use, and stained with many a drop of blood, evidences of his courage and fearlessness; his brown hunting shirt fastened with a belt round his waist, in which were stuck his knife and tomahawk, his rifle, which never cracked, but carried death, standing with its butt resting on the ground, between his crossed legs, his chin resting on the back of his hands, which were placed carelessly over the muzzle of his piece; his eyes seriously regarding the smoke and blaze, as they curled up from the pile of brush and grass, which were burning fiercely before him. After some time of seemingly, abstracted reflection, raising his tall form, and addressing the inmates of the little camp, said, in a half-careless manner, 'what can possible detain Wilson and Rogers so late? He had hardly spoken, when the distant and sharp crack of a rifle came echoing over the hills, another followed. Old Daniel, started, cocked his gun, and was behind a tree as quick as the reports were heard, and even before the echoes had died away—his companions did the same. After remaining in anxious suspense for several minutes, looking for the dusky forms of savages to meet his eye, Wilson came galloping with the body of a huge buck slung across his horse, and jumping down exclaimed. "Ay! ay! I warrant you the red devils couldnt scare Tom Wilson out of his booty, if they were ten times the demons they are!" We all gathered around the speaker, each asking what had befallen him and where Rogers was? "He is where the rest of us will be shortly," answered Wilson, "unless we are up and doing!"

"Had he been killed?" I asked.

"Yea! he had been shot through the heart, as Wilson and he were returning to camp;

he fell from his horse, and Wilson had but time to look round and see the face of the Indian who had fired, when he discovered in the distance, a rifle leveled at him, he gave whip to his horse, just as the gun cracked, which was the second report we had heard; he was not touched, in person, but he showed us a hole through his hat, where the ball had passed." "I suppose he was very much frightened?" said I.

"Frightened! Tom Wilson frightened by a gun! Nay, nay, he had seen too much blood, and been in too much danger, to be frightened by a ball passing through his hat; had it been through his head, it would have been a different matter; I knew the strength of that man's nerves!"

"But what did Boon?" I asked, "suppose his hot blood would not long allow him to remain idle!"

"Why," continued my historian, "as soon as he had heard Tom's tale, he snaped his fingers together in that peculiar manner, which always foretold some determined and dangerous achievement and ordered a slight refreshment to be prepared from the deer. After making all necessary arrangements, he in company with seven others, among whom was myself, for I was anxious to witness some of old Daniel's science in Indian warfare; and I wished to have a pop at one of the red men myself, which would have immortalized me in the estimation of Boon; so I shouldered a long ducking piece, and like the rest, flung my blanket to my back; and all after having primed anew our pieces, and filled our horns, set off upon our adventure, leaving but five men behind to guard the camp, and plunder, and take care of the women. Boon led the way, going in the direction opposite to that of the sun; for"—

"But how did you know what course to pursue the savages, in a place where all were strangers?"

"Why we had heard of an intended attack upon Bryant's station, and we thought that this might be a straggling party on their way to join the besiegers; and we were right in our conjecture, as events proved fully. Boon, I said, led the way, stalking like the genius of the mountains; and as the last rays of the setting sun fell full upon his figure, I thought I never saw a more athletic frame, or one better calculated to undergo fatigue and privation. My feet were sorely blistered by the way!"

"Had you no horses?" I asked.

"Yea, we had; but what could horses have done on these old cliffs and mountains?"—I was silent; the ferryman proceeded.—"But I determined, rather than

complain, as I had gone with the rest voluntarily; and rather than risk the success of old Daniel at my faint-heartedness, to keep on, although every step was painful, and my gun, on my young shoulder, weighed heavily. As I was trudging, and limping, and stumbling, over every little root and fallen trunk, Boone happened to turn, and seeing me staggering along with a heavy gun on my shoulders, he exclaimed—"Heigh ho, my young blade, my little man in moccasins, I thought you would have turned back before this, I inwardly exulted that the old man was mistaken.—"Tired, aren't you? must be; come, give me that grasshopper shooter of yours, must be too heavy for you, fit for nothing but to kill sparrows and robins in snow time; but give it to me, as you have brought it this far, it may be of service yet." So without more ado, he took my gun from me, and carried it himself on the shoulder which was not pre-occupied, and left me to follow without any burden. We kept our way until some time after dark, when the heavens began to be obscured with thick, heavy clouds, and fearful of losing the track, we determined to stay here for the night; and a most miserable one it was. The thunders roared, and the lightning played around the peaks of these old cliffs, and the wind howling through the cedars, enough to appal a stouter heart than mine. No sooner was Boone's wish known than it was complied with. We raised a fire, placed our centinels, and the remainder, rolling up in our blankets, lay down with guns in hand. "By the first dawn of day" continued the ferryman, "we were startled by the report of a rifle, and, jumping up, our centinel told us he had been fired upon, but by whom he could not tell, and pointed in the direction from which the report came. Old Daniel's eye was seen to expand and grow brighter, as he whispered in a quick, hurried voice, 'to your trees;' and in a moment every man was lying behind his defence. Boon had discovered the savages, who amounted to twelve in number, almost double our little band; but the inequality of numbers only made our old hunter more anxious to exterminate them. While looking in the direction in which they were seen, I heard a crack close to my ear, and saw at the same instant an Indian leap from the ground with a horrid yell. Boone's eagle eye had marked his prey; his ball was buried in the brain—the savage fell, never to rise again. Another and another was seen to leap and fall, as the quick reports of our rifles made us know well that death was in each whizzing ball. The savages



at length seeing, their numbers diminishing, grew reckless of danger, and, with the most determined fury advanced upon us. As they came on, I brought my old long ducking piece to a rest, just as I heard the stiff, hoarse voice of Boone crying to his party to lie still. I saw them advancing, whooping and yelling, and brandishing their tomahawks; for they had dropped their guns in their eagerness to try the effect of a closer contest. One tall athletic fellow came yelling and hallooing to his comrades to inspire them. I marked him. I could not resist—my finger was on the trigger, and my face to the gun;—the powder caught, and the whole load lodged in the fellow's heart! 'Well done, my little moose-hunt foot,' cries the gruff voice of Daniel, which sounded like music in my ears; he knew it to be my shot, from the deep, loud report, unlike the whizzing, sharp, quick crack of his favorite weapon. 'Well done, my little fellow; that old crashopp-shooter is worth its weight in gold; you'll be a man yet. Now, comrades, try your hand with the knife and tomahawk.' The word was no sooner said than executed; quick as thought, every blade was out; and as the sinewy arm was drawn back to repeat its blow, he spouting, frothy blood which followed, all that one stroke had been sufficient. The contest was not long, for the war cry of 'Remember Rogers,' inspired every heart, and added fresh strength to every arm. I saw Tom Wilson engaged in a fearful contest with a huge, sinewy savage; they grappled and fell, and rolled over and over, each of them trying to master the other: the weapons of both had been lost or dropped in the affray, and they were now scuffling for a knife which lay a few feet from them. I saw the Indian lying with his knee on Wilson's breast, while the right hand was stretched to grasp the knife; but just as he had held, Boone's hatchet found his brain. He rolled over with a groan, his arm raised in the attitude of striking. All were killed but one, and he it was who, the day before, shot our comrade Rogers. He was recognized by Wilson, who gave information to his companions. I told Boone that he was the culprit. Three of our men were killed in the contest, and the remainder, quickly grasping their rifles, followed on the chase after he had fled as soon as he saw his surviving companion's brain beat out by Boone's hatchet. We reloaded. — "Why did you not shoot him as he ran?" inquired. "Could you not at least have wounded him, among so many expert hunters?"

"Yea, yea, that we could, for we had men who could strike a dollar a good measured hundred yards.—There was Sam Jones, I saw knock a wild turkey's head off a hundred and fifty yards, off-hand. But Boone's orders were to take him alive, and we were afraid to shoot, fearful of killing him."

Here the old ferryman stopped suddenly his narration, and rising from his seat, requested me to do the same, while he commenced hinging his oars.

"But" said I, being extremely interested in the story, "did you overtake him, or was he too fleet for you, and so escaped from your hands?"

"Nay, my friend, don't be impatient; I'll tell you all in time; but, see, the sun is going down, you can tell from the tops of the cedars being only illuminated by his rays; so if you will just lead your horse in, I will pull you over."

I did as directed, and again asked, rather impatiently, what became of the savage.

"You will please lead your horse a little astern," said the historian, with great gravity. "I can't push the boat off the sands, for his weight."

I was compelled to obey him; and as soon as we were swimming, I hoped he would resume his story: but he seemed too busily engaged with the oars to be communicative; except now and then a word from him, as he pointed out with his eye some beautiful prospect. At length running near the whole width of the river, he drew up immediately under the cliff which we had been admiring.

"Now," said he, "as there is none or very little current here, I will rest awhile, for my old arms are not as strong as they once were."

I was glad of an opportunity to inquire the sequel of a story in which I had taken such an interest; and looking him in the face, as he was sitting on the side of the boat, leaning on his oar, he seemed to understand my wishes, and, with a significant smile, he resumed—

"Yea, I know you are anxious to hear more of it, so, whilst I am resting, I will finish my tale. We followed on until we had forced the savage into the enclosure above our heads, made by this bend," pointing it out with his finger at the same time. "Then the Indian was penned completely up, and no avenue of escape:—on one side, the river lying one hundred feet below; on the other, deadly enemies, determined on his capture, and he expected no mercy, as he had never given any. He ran in every direction, seeking a pass, but the muzzles

of the death-bearing rifle met his eye, and a determined finger on every trigger. He grew desperate, and, bounding to the edge of the precipice just above our heads, he made the tremendous leap. I was a boy then, but the cry of horror still rings in my ear, when our party saw the leap: we were astonished, awed, confounded—our brain grew dizzy as we ventured to the brink; and, looking over, saw a body floating down the stream."

Here the old man rose from his seat, and commenced again hanging his oars.

"Did the leap kill him?"

"Aye?"

"Did the leap kill him?"

"Yea."

#### SECRETS IN TRADE.

Not long since we chanced to be in a mixed company, several of whom related some anecdotes connected with his individual calling. Among the rest was a Tin Pedler, who had all the craft and shrewdness for which that class of society are so much celebrated. How is it, enquired one, when there are so many pedlers travelling in all directions who can hardly make a living, that you contrive to make peddling profitable; why do not others of your craft succeed as well as you? O, replied he, they don't understand the secrets of trade. What secret, in the name of wonder, except cheating, said the first, can there be in tin pedling? I do not gain my living by knavery, I assure you, said the pedler; I intend always to deal honestly: but the secrets of which I spoke, are simply those of making people know and feel what they want. Why, said the first, when you call at a house and ask them if they wish to buy any of your wares, and then they tell you no, I cannot see but you must take their opinion instead of giving yours on their wants. No such thing, said the pedler: people never know what they want, till they either see it or hear it particularly described. This is a principle in human nature, and it is true in more trades than mine. How often do we see people sending for a physician, who would never have dreamed of being sick, if some careful friend had not told them so? Every body knows how thirsty it makes men to see others drink—so true is it in this case that temperate people are persuaded that when children do not see their parents and neighbors swallowing intoxicating liquors, and when they are not met at every corner by a grog shop, the evils of intemperance will cease in our land. But intemperance has not much to do with tin pedling; I acknowledge so. I will relate an anecdote in point, and leave you to

judge of the truth of my remarks. A few days since in my travels, I called at a house where I suspected the family had money, and I determined before leaving it, to obtain some of it in exchange for my wares. Upon enquiring of the good lady if she wanted any thing in my line, I met with an indignant frown and an emphatic NO. But I knew better. I replied, my ware is very superior; I will bring in some of it and you shall judge for yourself.— Nothing daunted by her exclamations that she would not buy any, and that I might spare myself any further trouble, I deliberately proceeded to my cart and filled my arms with an assortment of articles, which was forthwith deposited on the floor of the house. Then taking them one by one, I explained their uses, their beauty, their cheapness, and the lady's absolute want of them. In the course of an half hour, she was fully convinced she could not do without certain articles, and actually paid me thirteen dollars cash—besides all the paper, rags, old pewter, &c. she had on hand.

Depend on it, if you show people your wares, you seldom fail of convincing them that they are in pressing want of them. Yes, yes, I know that's the way, said a merchant who sat near him; you pedlers are going all over the country showing your wares and telling your stories; and although you pay no tax, trade more in proportion to your capital, than the honest merchant who keeps an assortment of articles to accommodate the public. I wish the law would put a stop to your unjust traffic. I have no means of showing my wares to all the neighborhood, for I cannot put my store in a cart and draw it round from place. I do not like the plan of giving pedlers such an advantage over a regular dealer.

There you are wrong, said the pedler. I have no advantage over you whatever. 'Tis true you do not put your goods in a cart, and tumble them over every time you wish to sell an article, wearing them out or spoiling their beauty; but can, for a trifling expense, show them, not to one or two in a family, as I do mine, but to all, men, women and children. And, after you have shown them, [to the mind's eye, I mean,] they know exactly where to find you, and will buy of you of course, while we, poor pedlers, would starve. The merchant appeared doubtful. How is it, said he, that I have lived so long, and have not yet found out the secret in trade? I cannot imagine what you mean! Why, said the pedler, Advertising in the Newspaper; every decent family takes it; and you may be absolutely certain, if you spe-

cify particular articles, that the children when they read it, will persuade their parents to buy so much of what they would not otherwise think of, that your extra profit in a month in consequence of advertising, will be greater than the expense would be for a year.

At this the countenance of the merchant brightened with the peculiar expression which seemed to say, "See if I do not make more money this year than I did the last!" The company were well satisfied with the pedler's reasoning; and we retired in full persuasion that all who have any thing to sell, should immediately profit by his wholesome advice. *Advocate.*

#### SWEET POTATO.

I am induced to give the result of an experiment which I made the last season, of planting the sprouts of the sweet potato. In planting my crop, I found, after I had commenced, that I should not have a sufficient quantity of seed to plant the piece of ground which I had set apart for that purpose. There was about one half of an acre left, which was not planted, and I resolved to try an experiment, which was novel to me and unheard of, to plant the remaining part from the potato after it had sprouted.—Accordingly, after the potatoe had come up to a sufficient height, I planted the remaining part of my ground with the sprouts of the potato. Although the potatoe crop was not so good the last year as it was the preceding years, the crop which I made from the sprout was fully as good, and the potato as large as those raised from the seed.

Notwithstanding I made the experiment in a small way, it convinces me, that if it had been conducted to a greater extent, it would have resulted with equal success.

I am well convinced from the trial which I made, that one half of the seed which is generally used in planting a crop of potatoes, can be saved by planting from the sprouts of the potato, and the yield will be equally good and the crop as abundant.

JAMES W. JEFFREY.

#### LIVERWORT.

The National Intelligencer contains a letter from T. P. Hereford, Esq. of Haymarket, Va. detailing the circumstances of the entire cure of two persons, whose recovery was despaired of by the physicians, by the use of this plant. The first case mentioned is that of Mrs. Brashears of Fauquier county, Virginia, who was so much reduced by sickness as to resemble a "walking skeleton;" she is now in the en-

joyment of perfect health. The second is that of Mr. John Finley, of Philadelphia; who had been for several years subject to severe attacks of asthma, and was subsequently reduced to a low and hopeless condition by continued afflictions.—In May last, his friends lost all hope of his recovery. At length he resorted to the use of the liverwort, and was rapidly restored to health. He attributes his recovery entirely to the use of this plant.

#### BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM.

The whimsical account given by the late celebrated Lecturer on Heads of the law case, Bullum vs. Boatum, was probably suggested by the following little sketch, written by Tho. Nashe, in 1594.

"I heard a tale of a butcher who was driving two calves over a common, that were coupled together by the necks with an oaken wythe. In the way they were to pass, there lay a poor lean mare, with a galled back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out) one of one side and the other of the other, rubbing their noses upon her (as their manner is) the wythe that was between their necks rubbed her and grated her on the back, so that she started up, and hung them both on her back as efficiently as though it had been a beam; which being but a rough plaster to her raw ulcer, she ran away with them (as if she were frantic) into the fens where the butcher could not follow then, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire.

Now the joke is, that the owner of the mare has taken the law of the butcher for the loss of his beast, and the butcher has interchangeably indicted the other for his calves!"

On the arrival of the Great and Glorious News of seven millions of People being restored to the rights and privileges of *Freemen*, and to the benefits of the British Constitution, the Mayor of Philadelphia immediately made the necessary request, that Christ Church Bells should be tolled during the day; and likewise ordered the old Bell which first proclaimed the Independence of these Happy United States, to ring during the whole of the day.

#### RUST IN IRON.

It was lately stated at a meeting of civil engineers in London, that the application of lime would prevent the oxidation of iron water pipes when in constant use, and also the discoloration and unpleasant odor contracted by the water in its passage from the reservoir.

A "flying stationer" in Carlisle, Eng-



land, was hawking about in the streets a pamphlet, of which he gave the following description:—"Here you have a full account of the duel between Wellington and Winchelsea, and all the particulars how that great battle was fought, for the charge of one halfpenny."

## A REAL VERMONT.

A large waggon, with wheels standing eight or ten feet in height, attracted the gaze of a multitude, in one of our business streets yesterday afternoon. The great diameter of the wheels enables the teamster with a single pair of horses to transport a load of five tons of merchandise upon his vehicle, over the mountainous roads between the city and Montpelier, Vermont. The carriage at a little distance resembles a steam engine. A sailor in a red baize shirt surveyed the machine from stem to stern, and declared that he had been to England and France, Spain and Portugal, besides making three whaling voyages, but that he had never fallen in with such a queer-rigged craft as this, before. *Boston paper.*

## PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The price of the Canton, (China) Register is 50 cents a number; and the size about one half as large as the sheet in the reader's hands. The price of a London daily paper, without the privilege of advertising, is 40 dollars. Of a New York paper, 10 dollars. Of the Mercurio Peruano, published daily at Lima, small size, 12 1-2 cents a number. Of the Journal du Commerce, published daily at Rio Janeiro, small size, 15 dollars per annum. Diario de la Habana, small size, 24 dollars per annum. Of the Gaceta Mercantil, Buenos Ayres, daily, small, 48 dollars. British Packet, same place, weekly, 16 dollars. National Gazette of Greece, twice a week, small, 24 dollars. Journal du Commerce, Paris, 15 dollars.

Considering the size of American newspapers, and the quantity of matter, they are unquestionably cheaper than any thing else of the kind, the world over.

*Nat. Gaz.*

## GRAFTING TREES.

Early in the Spring, take up the root of a young apple tree, of four, five or more years growth, such as will afford a good spreading root, cut the root in pieces of six or seven inches long, provide a parcel of scions of such good apples as you choose one of these graft into the thick end of one piece of the root; taking care that one side of the bark of the scion be even with the bark of the root. Tie them close to-

gether; plant them where you wish your orchard to be, so deep that the whole root and part of the scion, will be covered with earth. Few of these will fail, and they will quickly bear fruit.

## TRIAL OF MARTIN FOR BURNING YORK MINSTER.

Jonathan Martin was placed at the bar, when a general movement took place throughout the court. The ladies in the gallery rose from their seats, and all eyes were directed towards the bar. The prisoner was then arraigned upon an indictment, charging him with having unlawfully and maliciously set fire to the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, at York. There were several counts in the indictment, which varied in the description of the building. When the clerk of the arraigns demanded of him whether he was guilty or not guilty, the prisoner said; "it is not me that is guilty, but my God: it was the Lord who did it, who frequently visits the sins to the third and fourth generation." This strange declaration was taken and recorded as a plea of not guilty. —The prisoner was then arraigned at the bar, on a second indictment, charging him with stealing some pieces of velvet, and some gold fringe, and other articles from the Minster. On the question being put, whether he was guilty or not guilty, the prisoner said, "My God gave these things to me for my life. The velvet was to make me a cap, and the gold fringe was for the tassels which were to hang over the right and left ear, like king David's." This was also entered as a plea of not guilty.

Mr. Baron Hullock.—Prisoner your trial will come on to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.—The cryer then turned round and said in a loud voice, that the trial of Jonathan Martin would not come on till to-morrow morning. The prisoner was removed from the court.

Tuesday, March 31.—Martin was brought into court at half-past eight. He appeared exceedingly cheerful, and frequently smiled, as he continued with his arms folded, pacing to and fro in the dock.

On Mr. Strickland stating (in the terms of the indictment) that the Minster had been 'maliciously set on fire—the prisoner said, "Not maliciously, my Lord."

Mr. Alderson, the Counsel for the prosecution opened the case and cited a number of cases in support of the opinion that the prisoner was liable to the legal punishment for the offence, if it were proved that at the time of committing the act he knew the difference between right and wrong.

A number of witnesses were examined whose evidence detailed the movement of the prisoner previous and subsequent to the burning of the Minster.

The prisoner being then called on for his defence spoke as follows:

"Well sir, the first impression that I had about it was from a dream, for I dreamed that I saw a cloud come over the cathedral—and it rolled toward me at my lodgings, it awoke me out of my sleep and I asked the Lord what it meant, and he told me that it was to warn these clergymen of England, who were going to plays, and cards, and such like, and he told me he had chosen me to warn them—and reminded me of the prophecies; that there should in the latter days be signs in the heavens, (the prisoner here used several quotations from holy writ.) I got every thing ready, and I took the ring from my wife's finger, and talked to her about what I had mentioned, and I told her what I meant to do—she grieved very much and I had work to get off. I still staid a few days, but I could get no rest until I had accomplished the work. It was a severe contest between flesh and blood—and then I bethought me what would become of her and my son Richard, who I had at Lincoln. Then the Lord said unto me, "What thou does do with all thy might." I tore from her and said, "Well, well, Lord—not my will but thine be done." I then left Leeds, taking 20 of my books with me, but I had no money—and went into Tadcaster, there I got a gill of ale. (He then proceeded to state the manner in which he travelled and supported himself to York.)

On Sunday, (February 1st,) I went to the Cathedral service, and it vexed me to hear them singing their prayers and amens. I knew it did not come from the heart, it was deceiving the people. Then there was the organ, buz! buz! and said I to myself, I'll hae thee down to night, thou shalt buz no more! Wel' they were all going out, and I lay me down by't side of the bishop's round by the pillar. (The prisoner concealed himself behind a tomb between which and the wall there was a space that more than one person might lay down in.) I thought I heard the people coming down from the bells; and they all went out, and then it was dark that I could not see my hand. Well, I left the bishop, and came out and fell upon my knees and asked the Lord what I was to do first, and he said, get thy way up the bell-loft; I had never been there, and I went round and round; I had a sort of guess o' the place from hearing the men as I thought come down. I then struck a



light with a flint and a razor that I had got, and some tinder that I had brought from my landlord's. I saw there plenty of ropes—then I cut one, and then another, but I had no idea they were so long, and I kept draw, draw, and the rope came up. I dare say I had 100 feet. Well, thought I to myself, this will make a man rope, a sort of scaling rope, and I tied knots in it. Aye, it is it, I know it well enough, [pointing to the rope which lay upon the table.]

So I went down to the body of the Cathedral, and bethought me how I should go inside. I thought if I did so, by throwing the rope over the organ, I might set it gauging, and that would spoil the job.—So I made the end of the rope fast, and went hand over-hand over the gates, and got down on the other side, and fell on my knees and prayed to the Lord—and he told me, that do what I would, they would take me. Then I got all ready. Glory to God, I never felt so happy, but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungered belly. When I got a bit of wax candle and set fire to one heap, and with the matches I set fire to the other.—I then held up the things which the Lord had given me for my hire, in this very handkerchief that I have in my hand.—[The prisoner went on to describe his escape by means of the rope, nearly in the same terms as has been stated, that of proceeding to Hexham, that on the road the coaches passed him, but he laid himself down, and was never seen.] While I was at Hexham; I think I had been there two days; I had been to pray with a poor woman, and the Hexham man came and tipped me on the shoulder. 'Tis tired or 'I'd tell thee a little more."

Several witnesses were examined for the prisoner, who proved that he had in early life been a sailor; that at the battle of Copenhagen he had fallen out of the fore-top into the sea, and that he was ill after the fall; and that he had been insane on several occasions since, and on that account had been confined as a patient in several lunatic asylums. It was also proved that he was most devout in his prayers and devotions.

Mr. Baron Hullock at four o'clock commenced summing up the evidence, and concluded at twenty minutes to six o'clock, when the jury retired.

They returned into Court, after an absence of seven minutes, with the following verdict:

"We are of opinion that he set fire to the Cathedral, being at the time of unsound mind."

Mr. Baron Hullock—Then, gentlemen, your verdict must be that of not guilty, on the ground of insanity; and he must remain in safe custody, during his Majesty's pleasure.

The prisoner was immediately handcuffed to one of the turnkeys, and conveyed into the castle.

Extract of a letter from Tampico, dated April 14th, 1829.—"The law having passed expelling the European Spaniards, they are embarking in great numbers—tranquillity however, prevails in every part of this country, at present."

#### VERY LATE FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Canada, Capt. Grant, whose arrival we announced yesterday, left Liverpool on the 17th of April. The editors of the New-York Commercial Advertiser have received numerous files of papers to the day of her sailing.

#### Success of the Catholic Bill.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, is now the law of the United Kingdom. It passed the second reading on the 4th of April, by a majority of 105. It was passed in committee on the 8th, and the report was received. The final question was taken on the night of the 10th, the majority in its favor being 104. And the Royal assent was given on the 13th, both to that bill, and the Catholic Disfranchisement Bill, which travelled quietly through its legislative journey in the wake of its more important pioneer. They were to go into operation on the 23, when the following peers, who were Roman Catholics, would be at liberty to take their seats—the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sutherland, lords de Clifford, Arundell, Dormer, Stafford, and Petre.

The Duke of Wellington has lately purchased an estate for £250,000; more than a million of dollars.

A great meeting was held in St. James' to consider the best means of testifying the gratitude of the friends of civil and religious liberty to the duke of Wellington, for the great measure of peace and justice, in the consummation of which he, as prime minister, was principally instrumental. The duke of Leinster was called to the chair. Several resolutions were passed, one of which proposed that a meeting should be held on the second of May, at the London tavern, to consider the means of raising a sufficient sum of money to erect a statue in or near Dublin, of the duke of Wellington, as commemora-

tive of this, the most glorious of his public services.

#### FROM COLUMBIA.

We learn from the New York Evening Post, that shortly before the sailing of the schr. Splendid from Porto Cabello information had been received by express from Bogota that a general action had taken place between the Colombian & Peruvian forces, in which the former remained masters of the field. An armistice had been agreed between the two powers, and it is said that in the mean time the differences between them are to be referred to the arbitration of the United States.

Bolívar has issued a proclamation at Popayan, offering pardon and amnesty to all persons engaged in the insurrection under Col. Ovando, who within 20 days from the date of the proclamation would surrender their arms, and take the oath of fidelity to the existing government. Those who are refractory, or who after taking the oath, are found in arms against the government are to be shot on the spot where they are met. Bolívar has issued a proclamation to encourage the working of the mines. It excepts from military duty all persons engaged in mining, or in any occupation necessary to mining operation.

Counterfeit Twenty Dollar Notes of the Bank of the United States, payable at the Branches in Baltimore and Washington, are in circulation; they are well executed, the engraving is good, and the paper very good. They are defective in the numbering and filling up.

#### MYSTERIOUS.

Governor HOUSTON, of Tennessee, resigned his office on the 19th ult. In announcing his determination to withdraw from the public service, this gentleman observes, that, "delicately circumstanced as he is, and, by his own misfortunes, more than by the fault or contrivance of any one, overwhelmed by sudden calamities, it is due to himself, and more respectful to the people, to retire from a position which, in the public judgment, he might seem to occupy by questionable authority."

Neither the letter of resignation, nor the Tennessee papers, however, afford the least clue by which the nature of the misfortunes which have induced the governor to lay down his office may be conjectured with the least appearance of probability; nor has any information on the subject, even reached the public eye through the medium of private letters; and this si-



lence, while it indicates the general sympathy in behalf of the sufferer, likewise proves that the calamity which has befallen him is of no ordinary kind. Gov. H. has left Tennessee, with the avowed intention, as is said, of taking up his future residence among the Indians on the Arkansas. Journal.

#### DEATH OF GOV. JAY.

He expired at his residence in Westchester county New-York in the 84th year of his age. Mr. Jay was one of the most eminent statesmen our country has produced, one of the last of that generation of great men, whose talents and wisdom carried us successfully through the struggle for our liberties, and who deviled for us the political institutions under which we have hitherto prospered.

#### HIGH LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

A Winnebago squaw has made her appearance in the streets of that city in a blanket, and a white satin hat and feathers, and a parasol!

#### THE FIRST STEAM BOAT.

The following is an account given of the passage of the first Steam Boat to Albany in the year 1807:—"She excited the astonishment of the inhabitants on the shores of the Hudson, many of whom had not even heard of an engine, much less of a Steam Boat, she was described by some who had indistinctly seen her pass in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the tide, and breathing flames and smoke. Her volumes of smoke and fire by night, attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its progress, they with astonishment thought that it was rapidly approaching them; and when it came so near that the noise of the machinery and paddles were heard, the crews in some instances sunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight and left their vessels to go on shore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tide, and lighting its path by the fire which it vomited!" This took place not in regions explored by "Sinbad the sailor" but on the river Hudson, twenty-one years ago.

#### A NAME.

Married, at Fall River, Andrew C.earing of Boston, to Miss Aldiborontiosrophoroni Bowen.—N. E. Gal.  
Who after this will say there is nothing in a name! Not the printer, I am cer-

tain. Twenty-four letters and ten syllables.

A gentleman waited on General Jackson at Washington, and sat sometime. Rising to go away, he remarked, that he would not encroach longer on the President's time. Whereupon the President said, "Sit down, sir, and stay; I like to have you, you are the first man who has come to see me without asking for an office."

An honest Dutchman, after his return from serving a tour in the Pennsylvania legislature, was visited by one of his neighbors, who accosted him with, "Well Mr. Brummelbottom, what have you done this time in the legislature?" Brummelbottom—"O be sure I knows not vot de resht do, I make two hundert d-a-u-l-e-r.

#### ABERNETHYA.

The following is the last and best that we have heard of the above named gentleman: A lady went to the Doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first, his only reply was "whew! whew!" a sort of inter-nal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of supreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily repulsed; she became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreadful effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when, at last, looking round upon the wall, he put up his hand and caught a fly. "There, Ma'am, said he, I've got a remedy for you.—Open your mouth, and as soon as I put this fly into it shut it close again, and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come, and then you can spit them both out together."

#### SPENDING TIME.

The celebrated Lord Coke, wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed, in the distribution of time:

Six hours to sleep—  
To law's grave study six,  
Four spend in prayer—  
The rest to nature fix.

Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment in the following lines:

Seven hours to law,  
To soothing slumber seven;  
Ten to the world allot,  
And all to Heaven.

Never speak to your children about the old Man, or the old Woman, or the old Harry.

#### SELECTED POETRY.

##### THE CHILD'S ENQUIRY.

How big was Alexander, Pa,  
The people call him great?  
Was he like old Goliath tall—  
His spear an hundred weight?

Was he so tall that he could stand  
Like some tall steeple high;  
And while his feet were on the ground  
His hands could touch the sky?

"O no my child! about as large  
As I, or uncle James;  
'Twas not his stature made him great—  
But greatness of his name."

"His NAME so great! I know 'tis LONG.  
But easy quite to spell—  
And more than half a year ago,  
I knew it very well."

"I mean, my child, his actions were  
So great, he got a name  
That every body speaks with praise,  
And tells about his fame."

"Well what great action did he do?  
I want to know it all."  
"Why he it was that conquered Tyre,  
And levelled down her wall!"

And thousands of her people slew—  
And then to Persia went—  
And bre and sword on every side  
Through many a region sent.

A hundred conquered cities shone  
With midnight burnings red—  
And, strewed o'er many a battle ground,  
A thousand soldiers bled."

"Did killing people make him great?  
Then why was Abdel Young,  
Who killed his neighbor, training day,  
Put into jail and hung?"

I never heard them call him great"—  
Why no—"twas not in war—  
And him that kills a single man,  
His neighbors all abhor."

"Well, then if I should kill a man,  
I'd kill a hundred more,—  
I should be great, and not get hung  
Like Abdel Young before."

"Not so, my child twill never do:—  
The gospel bids be kind."  
"Then they that kill, and they that praise,  
The gospel do not mind."

"You know, my child, the Bible says;  
That you must always do  
To other people, as you wish  
To have them do to you."

"But Pa, did Alexander wish  
That some strong man would come,  
And burn his house and kill him too,  
And do as he had done?"

And every body called him great  
For killing people so!—  
Well, now, what right had he to kill,  
I should be glad to know.

If one should burn the buildings here,  
And kill the folks within—  
Would any body call him great,  
For such a wicked thing?

From the New-York Courier.  
PORTICAL. Our readers may remember the beautiful apostrophe in Lalla Rookh, beginning

"Oh ever thus from childhood's hour  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away," &c.

In a late Georgia Courier we find the following parody—the last stanza is exquisitely affecting and is founded on the external experience of childhood.

"I was ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never had a bird or flower,  
That did not fly or fade away.

I never had a little kit,  
To purr so softly on my lap,  
But fortune's malice followed it,  
To kill by cur, or school-boy rap.

I never had a bit of toast  
Particularly good and wide,  
But fell upon the sanded floor,  
And always on the butter'd side.

#### A PARENT,

Who has for some time been in search of her Son who was taken away from her in 1823, by Lieutenant George Spears of the U. S. Army and who has been unsuccessful in her search takes this method to gain information whether he is yet alive—she wishes to inform him that she yet lives in Washington City, and that to hear from him and see him again is the dearest wish of her heart and will solace her few remaining years. The name of her son is ANREW ISRAEL BARNES. If any person who may see this advertisement should know any thing of this young man, by informing me of the same by a letter directed to Washington City, it will be considered as a peculiar favor.

Printers throughout the United States will confer a lasting obligation by the insertion of this a few times, upon a poor, distressed and aged mother.

ELIZABETH BARNES.

May 5th 1829.

#### PROCLAMATION.

In pursuance of a law of the State, I, Allen Trimble, Governor of Ohio, do hereby declare and make known, that public sales will be held at the Land Offices at Tiffin and Piqua, Ohio, for the disposal of five hundred thousand acres of land granted by the Congress of the United States to the State of Ohio, as follows, to wit: At Tiffin, in the county of Seneca, on the first Monday of June next for the sale of the lands selected in the Delaware district; and at Piqua, in the county of Miami, on the fourth Monday of June next, for the sale of lands selected in the Piqua and Cincinnati districts. The sales shall remain open at each place one week and no longer, and all lands offered and not sold, shall be subject to entry at private sale at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. The lands which lie on the Maumee river or within five miles thereof, and the sections on which the seats of Justice in the counties of Hardin, Allen and Putnam, shall be fixed, will be reserved from sale.

Given under my hand, and the great seal of the State at Columbus, this eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine.

ALLEN TRIMBLE.

By the Governor,  
Jer. M'Leane, Secretary of State.

#### BUTTER!

The subscriber will pay cash for butter through the spring and summer. He wishes the butter brought in not salted, and immediately after it is churned.

C. W. H. TEMPLE.

#### MILLINERY.

MRS. TEMPLE,

informs her friends and old customers that she has resumed her former business, at her new shop, on the north side of the public square, and opposite to Mr. Lewis' store, where all kinds of work in the Leghorn, Straw and silk line will be neatly done. She has on hand a good assortment of silks for bonnets, likewise, trimmings, linings, &c. of the latest fashions for Leghorns. Produce will be taken in payment for work done and trimmings found.

Oxford, May 22, 1829.

#### MORE BOOKS.

WARD & BISHOP,

Have for sale, Viri Romae, Excerpta Latina, French Friend, Greek testament, Letters from Geneva, Geo. Mason, Smart's Horace, Irving's Conquest of Granada, Greenleaf's grammar, Kirkham's do. Historiae sacrae, Alexander's evidences, Say's political economy, Watt's psalms & hymns, Grove's Greek and English lexicon, Bibles, Testaments, &c. &c.

May 22, 1829.

#### TAILORING.

The subscriber, at the commencement of 1829, would return thanks to the citizens of Oxford and the adjacent country, for their patronage for three years past. From his experience and attention, he hopes to merit their continuance for time to come. He intends to keep some cloths and vestings, and all kinds of trimmings, to accommodate his customers; and those who purchase their cloths in this place would do well to call at his shop before they purchase. He also wishes all those that have unsettled accounts, to call upon him for a settlement immediately.

JOSEPH WOODRUFF.

Jan. 2, 1829.

#### NEW BOOKS.

WARD & BISHOP,

HAVE just received Pike's Arithmetic, Cambridge Mathematics, Greek grammar, Mair's Introduction, Gibb's Hebrew lexicon, Virgil, Graeca minora, Lacroix's arithmetic, Worcester's geography and atlas, Roman antiquities, Salust, Horace Caesar, Titler's history, Graeca majora, Walker's dictionary, Brand's Chemistry, French grammar, Spanish grammar, French dictionary, Methodist hymns, Oberon, Honor O'Hara, Letters to married ladies, English fashionables abroad, Memoirs of Gothe, Experience of preachers, Memoirs of Madame De Hus, Voyage to the moon, Boyne water, a tale; Blue stocking hall, &c. &c.

Also, an assortment of Stationery, for sale at the book-binders.

Oxford, May 6, 1829.

#### BOOK BINDING.

The subscribers have commenced the above business, at their Printing Office, in the yellow frame house on Main Street, formerly occupied by Mr. Woodruff as a Tailor shop. Where binding will be executed in any style required. Blank Books of every description, furnished to order.

WARD & BISHOP.

#### 10,000 QUILLS.

Wanted at the Book-binders, in Oxford.

#### RAGS!

The highest price will be given for clean linen and cotton Rags, at the Book-binders in Oxford.

#### OXFORD PRODUCE MARKET.

(CORRECTED WEEKLY.)

Apples,	75 a 87	Hay,	\$5 00
Butter,	9 a 10	Lard,	4 a 6
Beef,	2 a 3 1-2	Meal,	25 a 31
Beeswax,	23 a 25	Oats,	19 a 21
Corn,	18 a 20	Potatoes, Irish	31 a 37
Chickens,	75 a 87	Pork,	2 a 2 1-2
Cheese,	5 a 8	Rags,	3 a 4
Feathers,	23 a 25	Tallow,	6 a 7
Flaxseed,	40 a 43	Country sugar	8
Flax,	6 a 8	Wheat,	75
Flour,	2,25 a 2 50	Whiskey,	18 a 20
Flour, buckwheat	175 a 200	Wood,	62 a 75

In Cincinnati on the 18th inst. Flour was worth \$6,00 bbl.—Whiskey 20 a 22, brisk—Salt, 50 cents.

#### WANTED!

A large quantity of Hides and Tan Bark; for which the highest price will be given. Also, all those that have unsettled accounts are requested to come forward and settle immediately, otherwise, they will find their accounts in the hands of the proper Officers, for collection.

J. JOHNSON.

May 9, 1829.

#### BOOKS.

WARD & BISHOP,

Have for sale, Worcester's geography and atlas, French grammar, Flint's Geography, & History of the Western Country, Smart's Cicero, Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, Latin and Greek Grammars, Francis Berrian and Arthur Clenning by the same author; Don Quixote in English and French; Rascals, Nott on intemperance, Walker's Dictionary, Blair's Rhetoric, Pike's Arithmetic, Bonnycastle's Algebra, the Hunter, Webster and Ruter's Spelling books,—12mo Bibles; Almanacs, &c. &c.

Also the following second hand books. Playfair's Euclid, Clark's Homer, Schrevelius's Lexicon, Ovid Delphini, Virgil do, Salust do, Graeca Minora, Greek Testament, do Grammar, Lacroix's Algebra, Bonnycastle's do, Geographical Sketches, President's Tour, Columbian Orator, Tales of my Landlord, Jackson's Book Keeping, Flint's Surveying, Murray's Grammar and Worcester's Abridgment of Geography.

Account and memorandum books—letter and writing paper—crayon, lead and slate pencils, ink powder &c. &c.

Feb. 20, 1829.

#### PUBLIC NOTICE.

Is hereby given that there will be presented to the commissioners of Butler county, at their Session, to be held on the first Monday of June next, a petition to vacate the State and County roads; passing through the out lots lately laid out in the south part of the Section set apart for the town of Oxford, in the said county of Butler.

April 25th 1829.—3 t.

#### AGENTS FOR THE REGISTER.

Cincinnati, Edward Woodruff.  
Dayton, Martin Smith,  
Eaton, Isaac Stephens,  
Franklin, Col. M. W. Earheart,  
Hamilton, Thomas Blair,  
Lebanon, John Reeves, P. M.  
Montgomery, I. A. Reeder,  
Rossville, R. B. Millikin,  
Athens, Georgia, T. L. Irwin, P. M.